

FREE



BURN

a zine about climate change

BAIT BAG

100 SECONDS TO MIDNIGHT

On January 23, 2020, the minute hand on the Doomsday Clock was moved forward for the first time since 2018. Wildfires, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and floods threaten the most vulnerable populations of humans and animals. We can't scream for help loudly enough.

BURN, Bait Bag's first - but not last - zine, is a collection of those screams, representing female and non-binary artists sharing their thoughts about what the future could hold, whether we succumb to the nihilistic vision of the rich and powerful, or can rise up, make cracks like dandelions in a sidewalk.

Read it and weep, or hope, dream, and act.

With Love,
Bait Bag



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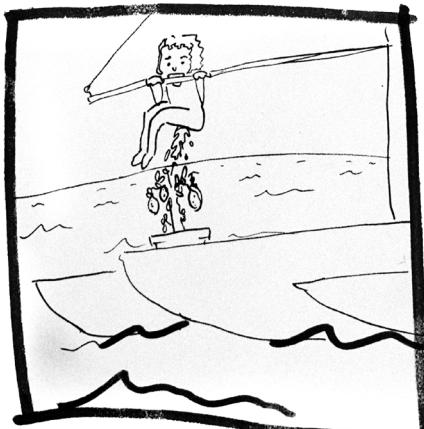
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WATERWORLD 2.0



Fiona Robins





Song: Burn

Written by: Courtney Naliboff

Performed by: Bait Bag

Released: 2/7/2020

Available at baitbag.bandcamp.com

Photo: Courtesy of Museums Victoria - Nell Duncanson and Isabel Plante

Wearing Gas Masks, Israel, World War II, 1939-1943

Oh baby, get ready for a real hot time

It's getting close to midnight on the doomsday clock

And I've been frying all my eggs right on the sidewalk

I saw you out the window lookin mighty cute

Baby you look smokin in a hazmat suit

It's too late for us, we never seem to learn

So cuddle up to me and we'll watch the world burn

We've lived a life of pleasure now we're paying the cost

We might as well get cozy since the future is lost

You bring the gas masks and I'll bring the wine

Let's get ready for a real hot time

I've had enough, I've done my share it's someone else's turn

We'll mess around like Nero and watch the world burn

It's a hot time in the city

It's a hot time in the town

It's a hot time in Alaska

Where the ice comes crashing down

It's a hot time in the ocean

It's a hot time everywhere

So baby let's have a real hot time

'Cause I'm too hot to care

Oh baby, get ready for a real hot time

It's much too hard to think of all the things we could have done

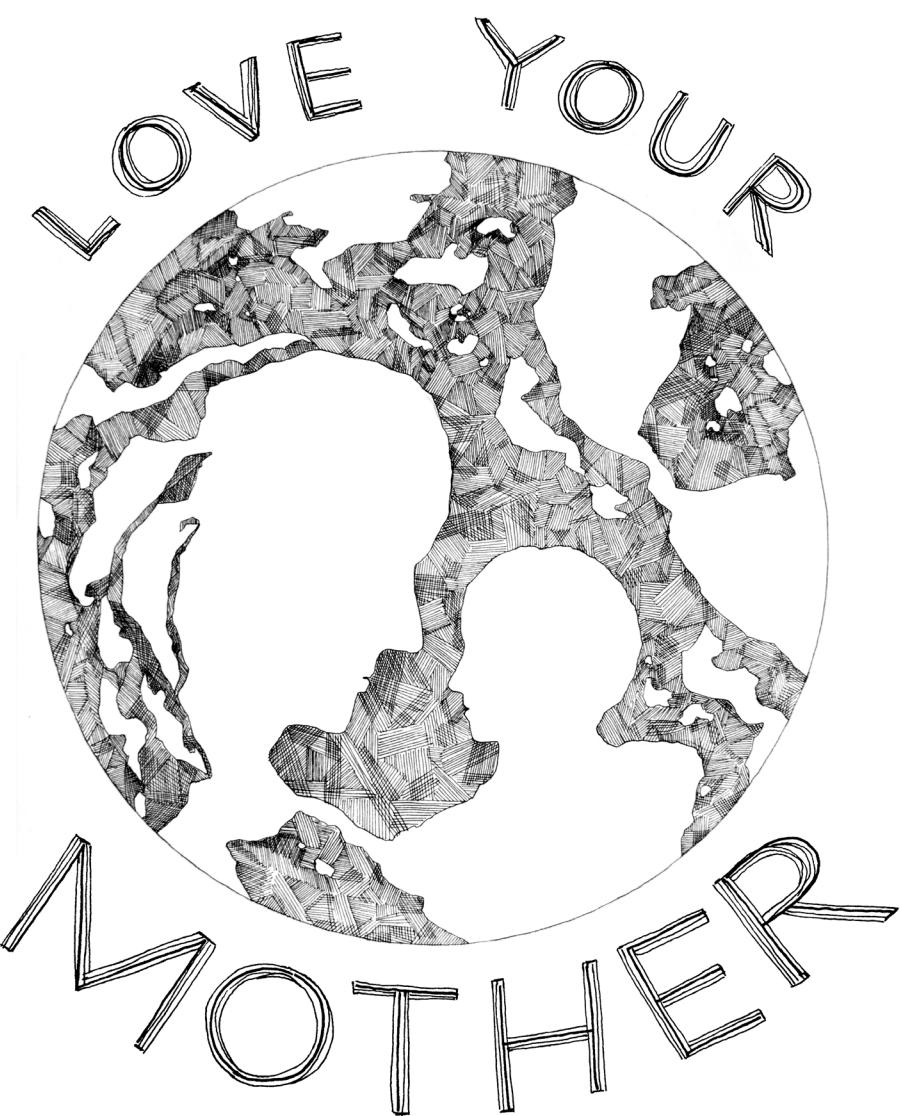
I think I know how all this ends, so baby let's have fun

You bring the gas masks, and I'll bring the wine

Let's get ready for a real hot time

Our time is up, we didn't learn

So let's get hot while we watch the world burn



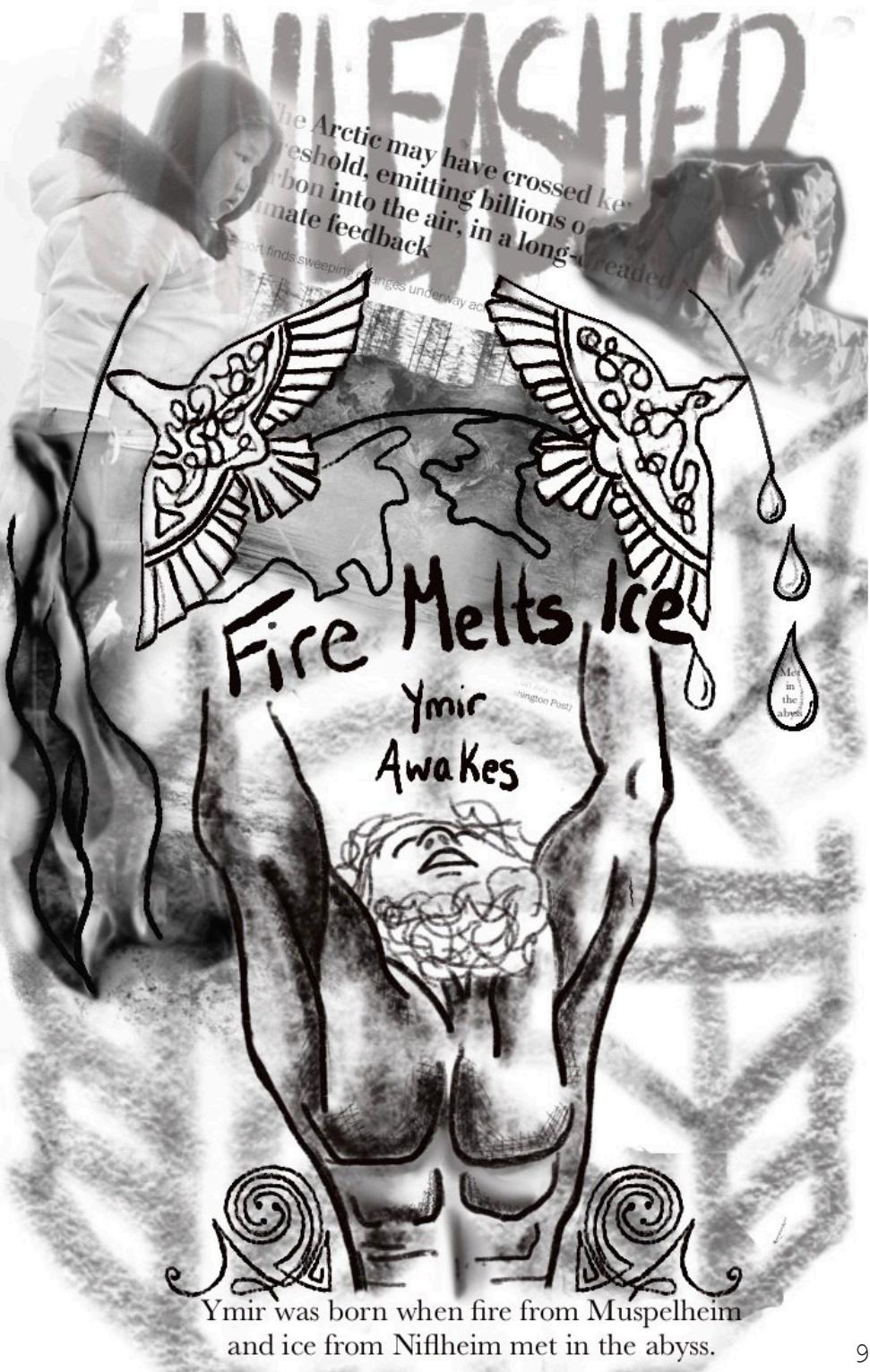




Australia Is Committing Climate Suicide

As record fires rage, the country's leaders seem intent on sending it to its doom.

The New York Times
opinion



Trust is bred into our bones. I only realize now that it always has been. I make decisions without wavering. The anxiety is submissive. There is no doubt now in our bodies. We are listening to the intricate, knowledgeable systems that have been teaching us all along; the mycelium, the ancient forests, the cycles of the moon, the tide. The nurturing whisper.

Whisper: the language between mother and child.

"It is the sea's reach and retreat that reminds me we have been human for only a very short time," writes Terry Tempest Williams. I stand on the edge where the land meets the sea, where the sea engulfs the land, where the tide rises and feel it.

This is a rhythm that plays heavy in my chest. There are no answers, but erasures. Erosions. Things to disappear. That is the work of nature. "Disappearance is the work of wind."

My throat is a net where most things catch.

I draw constellations between Terry Tempest Williams, Audre Lorde, Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Tillie Olsen. My heart is a node, too. There are other constellations drawn from facts and figures. I prefer feelings. What if we trusted them as much?

We are wild like the wolves again. I follow my instincts. I howl now.

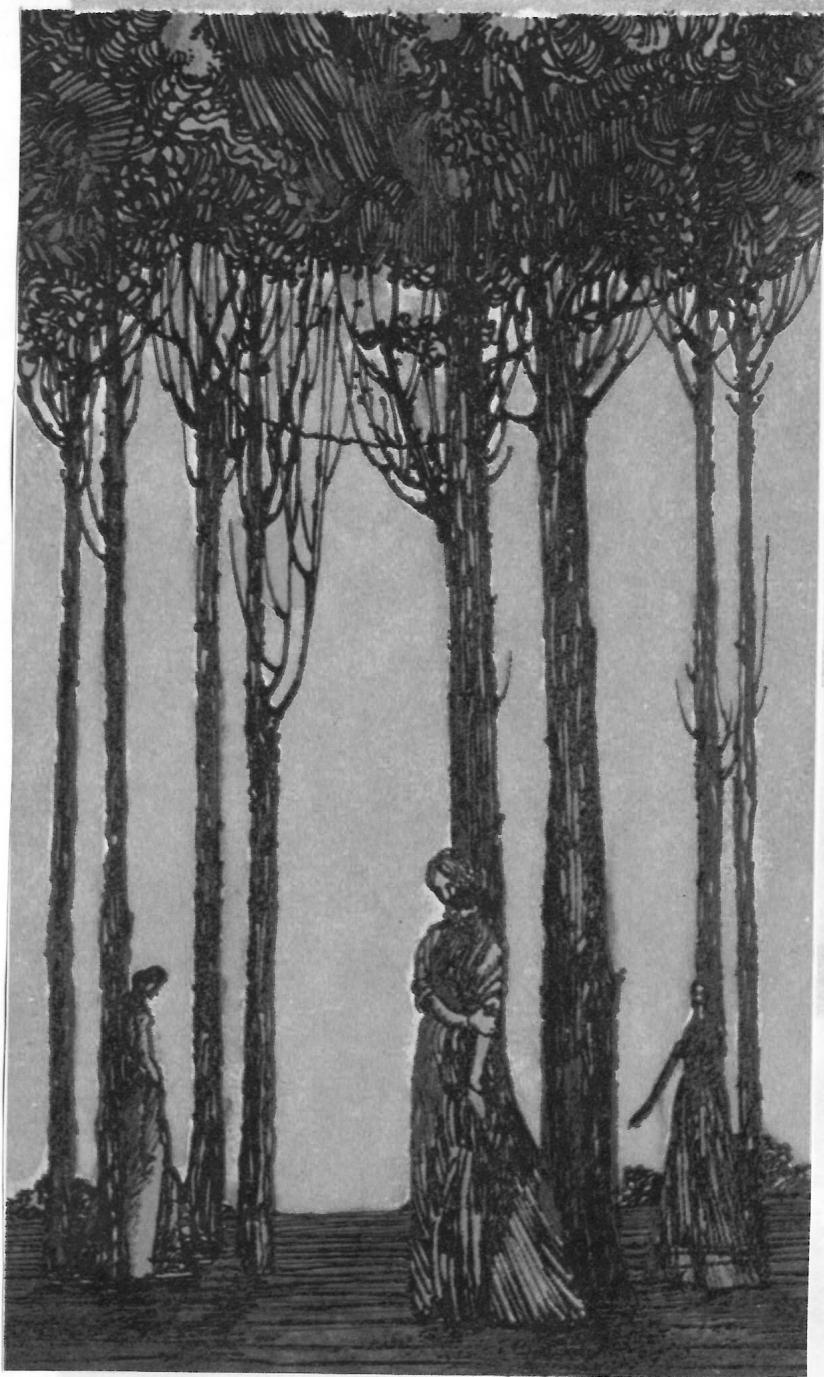
It's no surprise, no coincidence that the voices of women have been stifled, that our mother is on fire. These facts are not unrelated. This feeling of not being heard is not irrelevant. We are not separate from the earth.

Our bones will burn and become ashes. We'll melt away, too.
(breathe, breathe as the panic rises. breathe, breathe still)

The wind forms clouds and storms that disappear trees, villages, coastlines, homes to all creatures. My sigh is a wave crashing against the shore.
(breathe into the cracks, the fissures. Breathe until you can't anymore)

I stand in the forest and hear my beating heart, my breath in song with the crackle of the forest I am just a witness to. A jet rumble murders the air, but i did not put it there.

We howl, we scream, we sing so that our voices may still be carried in the wind, to some new life that might catch them. And if we listen close, we can still hear the original whispers echoing in the soil.



When my daughter was born, we would occasionally get these crazy high tides.

They were called

KING
TIDES

Now it seems like we get them at every full moon.

It makes me wonder how much time we have left on the island.

Or on the planet, actually.

My daughter doesn't know about this. On the fires in Australia. Or the fact that we pulled out of the Paris Climate Accord like real idiots. Nihilistic bastards.

I asked her:

What will life be like when
you're a grownup?

And she answered:

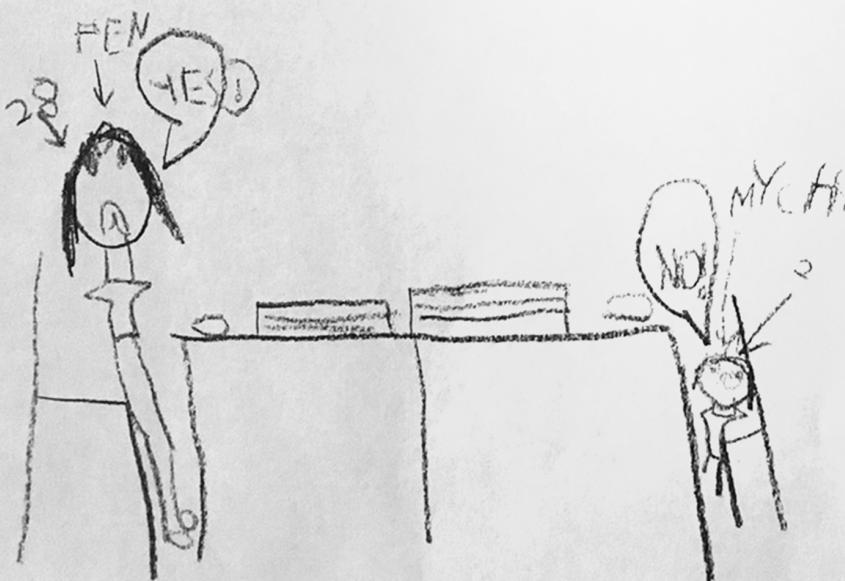
HARD. And I would have
a child. I would have work

NEVROSE

NAME

1-25-20

DATE



I hope that's really all
she has to worry about.
I hope she gets to have a
future with kids and
work.

But if this apocalypse
comes to pass, I hope she becomes

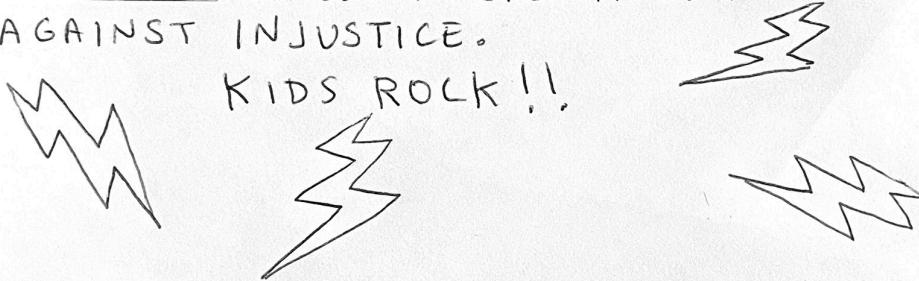
QUEEN TIDE

(climate superhero, survivor,
mariner, oceanographer, etc.)



LAURA, AGE 42:
RAISING FEMINIST BOYS IS
VERY REWARDING. FAIRNESS
AND EQUALITY ARE
COMMON-SENSE CONCEPTS
THAT ARE EASY TO
TEACH. WE KEEP
FEMINISM IN THE CONVER-
SATION AND KIDS GROW UP
WITH INTEGRITY AND THE
SKILLS TO SPEAK OUT
AGAINST INJUSTICE.

KIDS ROCK!!



WOLFIE, AGE 4:

MAMA WHEN SHE PLAYS SKULKEN
WITH US

BEAT HAPPENING, EX HEX
GIRLS ARE COOL!



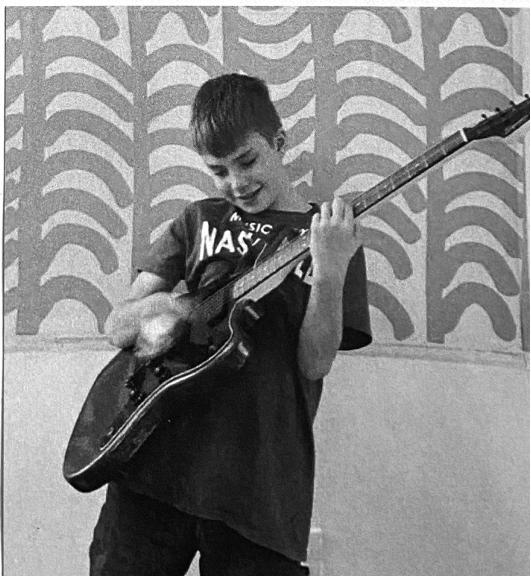


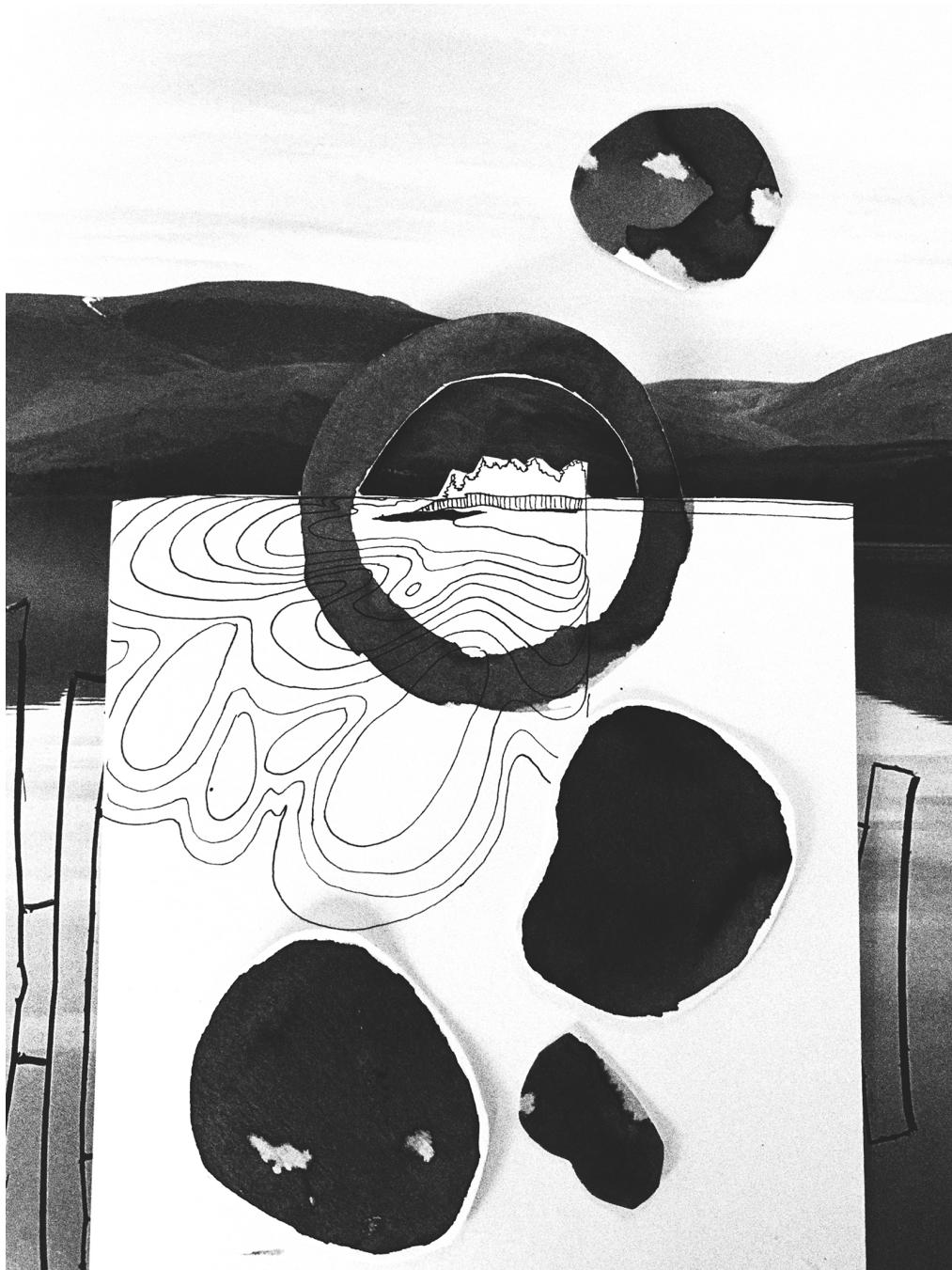
SKULKEN.BANDCAMP.COM
INSTAGRAM.COM / SKULKEN

CONOR, AGE 12:

I went to the ~~womens~~
March in august and
protested

Some favorite women
musicians: Linda Luper Stevie
Nicks, Miranda Lambert
Lindsey Williams





TICKS: A HOW-TO



Option 1: Throw it in the woodstove. They don't burn like wood but it feels great. Con: You can't be certain they are dead.

Option 2: Flush your blood sucking friend down the toilet. This is very satisfying to see them spinning around. Con: makes it scary to then sit on said toilet.

Option 3: Stick the tick in a piece of duct tape. This option is for the real evil side of you who wants to give this creature a long suffocating death. Con: makes you question why you get joy from this shit.

Option 4: Leave the little bugger alone! Let it live its best life gorging itself on your blood. Con: Lyme disease, anaplasmosis, babesiosis, tularemia, ehrlichiosis, rocky mtn spotted fever.

Option 5: Move farther north than Maine! Byeeee

TICKS
in
JANUARY.

BAIT BAG

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WB

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